ENGLANDS

SORROWE

OR,

A Farewell to Essex:

With

A Commemoration of the famous Liues, and vntimely Deaths of many woorthie Personages which haue liued in England.

By W. H. Gent.

W. Hart.

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LONDON

Printed for Henry Rocket, and are to be sold at the long Shoppe in the Poultrie vnder the Dyall. 1606.

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The Conclusion, A Defence against Envy.

THE
Lamentation of Britaine.

ADowne the Oary Rocke by ſilver Lee,
Nigh where the goodly Girle was drencht of yore;
Weeping I ſaw, & almoſt wept, to ſee,
A mournful Queen in boat with broken oare
Chide the ſterne wave, and ſtrive againſt the (a) Boare:
With that ſhe plain'd, ſad ruth, it griev'd mine eye,
To ſee, how great and ſmall, how all muſt die.

(a) *The crop the flood in Severne, ſo called.*

Then did ſhe gin to rend her hoary haire,
Where aged gravitie and reverence ſtoode,
Her geſture gratious, and demeanor faire,
Nigh riven had my breaſt, when all my blood
Stoode in my fore-head and congealde as crud:
Then did ſhe ſigh and ſhed ſome pearly dew,
Which ſoone did end, and thus began anew.

Me ſeemes the antique Sages were not wiſe,
Ne ever great, inglorious were their daies,
Their workes embaſe, and merite no aguiſe;
Of worthy front, though olden ſtories raiſe
Their ruſtie fathers, and with lively baies
Girlond their hoary browes, whoſe names down lie
In loweſt ſlime and groveling ignomie.

Ingrav'd in toombe of duſt, whoſe grounded pall
Empark's the rotten ruine of ſome man;
Some man, that whilome was ydread of all
The world; the world was waxen wan,
When this huge maſſe yfeared one great man:
When one had all, what were our old ſyres then?
More then you deem, for they were more then men.

More then thoſe mightie ones, whoſe greater fame,
Is to be borne of bold and valiant ſyre, (name,
Your ſecond ſonnes, whoſe kingdomes-threatning
Greatneſſe affect, whoſe rage and bondleſſe ire,
S'daine vertues ſacred meare ingrav'd in mire:
Blaze Natures blame, me ſeemes ſome ſinne of old
Makes Nature baulke, or ſhe hath loſt that mold.

That heavenly mold, in which ſhe wont to lay
Our ſhapeleſſe Anceſtor in time of yore,
Mongſt men there were (oh might I ever ſay)
Such worthy wightes, of worthy wightes ſuch ſtore,
As much me feares, the world ſhall neuer more
Behold ſo brave a band, ſo brave they are,
Which *Pallas* yoke with *Mars*, and Arts with warre.

Such were our elder ſyres, I would you were,
(Brave Impes of honour) ev'n as great as them,
To weld the Kingdomes cauſe and common feare,
Secure was all their care, they wonted then
T'exceede in bountie, as in birth baſe men:
I am not heard, if heard, deſpiſde, what then?
" They cannot hurt, who cannot do like men.

But

But they were men, and honourable wiſe,
Their noble breaſts did ſcorne to beare the ſcarre
Of ignorance, or peaſant cowardize:
T'was ſacred Arts and honourable warre
That made them great, and you as now you are:
As now you are, ſo were not they, they were
As you ſhould be, that's learned without feare.

Feareleſſe they euer were, but now they are
As if they euer fear'd, or neuer were,
Neuer ſo wiſe in peace, nor bold in warre;
But they were both, ne did they ever feare,
Becauſe what you are not, they ever were:
They ever were renown'd, but vſe hath bred
A cuſtome, (which is) all forget the dead.

Then why doth man ſpend time and better daies,
To gaine the wreathe which is not made of Bay?
Or why doth man attempt by brave aſſaies,
His name to raiſe, ſince that his greatneſſe may
Fall with the blaſt but of one winters day?
Then why doth man of latter world yſcorne
Thoſe former ones, of whom themſelves were born?

Oh man, by mans ambition caſt away,
By man redeem'd, by God the ſonne of man;
Why art thou prowd, ſince thou maiſt die to day?
For when thy glaſſe like to an howre hath ran,
Thy end drawes on, mans period is a ſpan:
" The fixed date vnknowen is to men,
" We certaine are to die, but God knowes when.

Man's like a woodden Towre in midſt of plaine,
Subiect to blaſt of vnadviſed fate,
Tell me, O thou which as a King dooſt raigne
On lower Orbe, how ſure is thy eſtate?
" What men diſpoſe the heavens determinate;
Thou ſeeſt the rocke, beware and ſhun the ſhelfe,
Firſt feare the Lord, then learne to know thy ſelfe.

This doth the ſager ſoule of men amuſe,
To ſee the great men floriſh like ſunnes ray,
Serv'd of the world, and ſooth'd by every Muſe,
And yet to ſee them darkned in a day;
Man, know thy ſelfe, earths worſt, and that is clay:
" Each creature is the ſervant vnto death,
" For every one muſt die who drawes his breath.

Robert Earle of Eſſex.

Witneſſe thou mightie Lord, whom I did ſee
Laid in deaths houſe, whoſe honour ever ſhine;
He was, what was he not that he ſhould be?
A great man good. I ſaw that man enſhrine
Celeſtiall vertue in a vault of ſlime;
I ſaw men grace his good, his ill deſpiſe,
" Who endeth beſt is bleſt, and truly wiſe.

Was never age, nor ever time did ſee,
So valiant and ſo brave a Gentleman,
So mightie, iuſt, ſo good and great as hee;
The forraigne ſpoiles and conqueſts which he wan,
Were like to thoſe of *Scipio African:*
If he now liv'd, how would he envie then?
But thou art dead, and envy dies with men.

But

But thou art dead, oh hadſt thou never dide!
Certes (vnleſſe I vainely prophetize)
Thou art immortall, and my vow ſhall bide
As firme as centre to immortalize
Thy geſts, and ſend them to the mighty eyes:
Great ones ſhall reade and praiſe thy deeds, for mee
I deeme it praiſe to be diſpraiſde for thee.

Ne're ſhall thy name, ne're ſhall thy greatneſſe die,
Ne thoſe triumphant trophees rear'd by thee,
No nor the leaſt of theſe (ſweete ſoule) whilſt I,
Or theſe prowd lines (which ſcorne to die with mee)
Have any being, thine ſhall ever bee;
And as the mournefull bird vpon a wave,
Sad melodie ſhall bring me to my grave.

This was a man, the world ſhall never ſee
So faire a mirror made of glories glaſſe,
A Captaine true of note and name was hee;
What was he not? no lover of the Maſſe,
Nor over pure, as ſome ſuppoſde he was:
He vſde a meane, Experience ſaid t'was beſt,
Nor was he prone to warre, but bent to reſt.

The proteſtation of his owne Apologie.

Who would entoombe thoſe death-deriding deedes
Vnder the furrow of a Marble pile,
And let bright honour walke in Sable weedes,
And ſee (alas) vnworthies march the while,
Vnder the ſtandard of a glorious ſtile:
Some ſelfe-love ſtole vailes our vaine glorious eyes,
We ſmooth our worſer ſelves, the beſt deſpiſe.

Robert Earle of Essex, Generall of the English, before Roane.

Oh, can the pens of *Europs* paradise,
Can *France* forgetfull with oblivions wave,
Wash all that blood which did her patronize?
Me seemes thy ghost should of the Normans crave
Some lines to be engraven on thy grave:
Roane is all rude, when *Salust* once was dead,
The Muses from that barren climate fled.

2. *Sir Walter Devreux, slaine at the seege of Roane.*

There dide that memorable impe of fame,
The second branch of heavens-aspiring tree;
Thy worthy brother, worthy that great name,
Great name in being thine, hight worthy hee
That was the Sire of such nobilitie:
Thy brother dide, whilst dangers he did dare,
For that great heire of *France*, the good *Navare*.

Oh now I could my humble Genius straine,
And sing of *Burbon* and the house of *Guise*,
Haumount, and that rebellious Duke of *Mayne*,
Prince of sedition, *Parma*, farre too wise
To rule the Church, she falls when such do rise:
These saw thy valour and admirde the same,
Phœnix of praise, Prince of triumphant fame.

But what of these? these were but shades to thee,
Shades of thy greatnesse, for thou wert too great,
Yet nothing to Desert; Desert was shee
That made thy mightie armes and shoulders sweate
With honours load, t'was honour made thee great:
T'was Honour made thee great, and she againe
Threw thee to earth, ambition is but vaine.

Vaine

Vaine is Ambition, why ſhould worthies then
(Worthy true praiſe by deedes done farre away,)
Purſue this ſhadow: which the wiſer men
Shunne as a ſhade, that ruſt of olden day,
Will inly gnaw; great ones are old times pray:
Preies to old age; old age and praiſe muſt die,
This world and all, all is but vanitie.

Vaine is the world, and worldly honour vaine,
Vaine glory is the meare of greateſt deede,
And greateſt deedes, as greateſt ones muſt daine
To be earths ſonnes, her ſonnes are like the ſeede,
Which ſowne, riſe, then fall; thus all muſt ſpeede:
Thus all muſt ſpeede and periſh like the graſſe,
" The world muſt be as if it never was.

The world muſt die, and all that live therein
Muſt have a terme, which reaſon could not ſee;
The world muſt end becauſe it did begin,
The King of ſtarres thought good it thus ſhould bee,
Faith onely apprehends ſuch myſteries:
Thou wert a man, man erres, I, there I reſt,
Thy end did erre, whereas it ſhould be beſt.

I will not of thy infant glory ſing,
Ne of that famous Spaniſh overthrow,
For that they all bin dark't, me ſeemes ſuch thing
Should ever live, they cannot die, ſo thou
Shalt live by them, and they ſhall live by you;
Honour to man, doth life eternall give,
" Who wanteth woorth, vnworthy is to live.

His iourney to Iſborne, with the conqueſt of Cadez.

With

With what applause and wonderfull renowne,
Like *Romane* old in his ovatique Carre,
Did he assault that Ocean-bordring Towne,
There did thy mercie shine in midst of warre,
And lenity did wrath from murther barre:
Will *Marius* beate the French, then *Rome* surprize?
No man can happy be vntill he dies.

What ayry organ, what celestiall stile,
Nay Angel may thy glory comprehend?
What then dare I, who in respect am vile,
Naught (dreaded Lord) sweete soule Lonely tend,
To shew how much thy actions all commend:
Something there is, but what, lies hid to mee,
Makes vs love those, whom scarce our eyes did see.

Did not the forraigne sonnes of Praise admire,
To see thy Crimson colours spred in *Spaine*?
And more to see, (sad sight) enraged fire,
Raze their prowd Towers, such pride and praise be vaine;
For as we hurt, we may be hurt againe:
What warre doth purchase, that doth riot spend,
Things gotten ill, doe alwaies worser end.

Then flamde rich spires, then were the buildings hie
Made equall with low ground, and we did see
The bloody Crosse, like antique Egle flie
On heavens neighbour primare Towre. Then hee
Was milder then a man of warre should bee:
In heate of fray, resistance made, all kill,
The end of Conquest should be mercie still.

Did

Did antique *Barde* the Greeke immortalize,
Which drew ambitious currents from the eyne
Of the worlds King, and made him plaine this wise;
Happy young man, thou liv'dst in happy time,
Whose honours Trump was *Homers* noble rime:
Happy he was, more happy thou shouldst bee,
If *Homer* were inferior vnto mee.

When Alexander beheld Achilles monument, or some write the Iliades of Homer, which so highly commended his actions: it is reported he shed teares.

What sholes of martiall Knights did I behold
Vpon thy grace and easie favour tend,
Which made them careleſſe, and thy ſelfe too bold,
Nay rather blinde; I cannot that commend;
" Hee that deales wiſely doth reſpect the end:
If thou beeſt great, iudge not thy ſelfe too good,
Envie is page vnto ambitious blood.

Oh what a troupe of Chieftains bravely tride,
And thouſand Souldiers never borne to feare
Were led by thee! whenas thy ſhips did ride
On the prowd Ocean, prowd ſuch weight to beare;
A ſubiects glory breedes a Princes feare:
Seeme not too great whom Princes lift on hie,
Kings are moſt iealous of their Maieſtie.

The Iland voyage.

After this height of glory did I ſee,
Thy ſelfe exilde from worlds embracing eye,
And from thy Queene, which more aggreeved thee,
Then moſt of ill, all publique honour flie,
You that wiſh rather for to live then die:
Shunne the worlds favour, for t'will envie gaine,
Humilitie is lov'd, all pride is vaine.

I weepe that day, more like a night then day,
When Fury did authoriz'd power ſpume,
Impriſning Counſell, oh for which my lay,
My dolefull lay, and I will ever mourne
Like *Veſta's* fire, whoſe flames do ever burne:
Sleepe ſtill ſad crime, let worth enobled live,
T'is not thy good, but bad that makes me grieve.

The Sunne ſhould ſhine, but did not ſhine that day,
The ruddy morne ſlept ſtill and would not riſe,
As ſham'd to ſee chaſte Honour runne aſtray:
What more could man attempt? they are not wiſe,
Who counſell great men Princes to ſurpriſe:
Though yee beare rule, obedient be to them,
Whom heavens ordaine to be the Kings of men.

That was an howre predeſtinate to ill,
When thou as Lion rowz'd didſt leave thy den
To chaſe a prey, on ſome vnhumane hill,
What oft I heard, me greev'd to ſee it then,
Great men truſt knaves, and will not honeſt men:
He that would learne the truth, ſhould him beleeve,
Who not for gaine, but love, doth counſell give.

What angry looke of ſome infernall ſtarre
Did guide that Aſhy morne the firſt of Lent?
When thou didſt die, oh hadſt thou dide in warre
For *England* then, then would not I lament
Thy ſoule and bodies bloody baniſhment:
Thus reſted he, and laid him downe to ſleepe,
The mourners wept and walkt about the ſtreete.

Thoſe

Thoſe eyes that ſaw him live, did ſee him dead,
And wept to ſee ſo brave a warrier die,
To die ſo bad, who was ſo bravely bred,
Bred by the hand of warre; weepe more mine eye
To ſee him dead, who liv'd ſo worthily:
Yea worthy olden daies, but man hath grave,
Not when wee would, but when his ſtars do crave.

I ſaw that ſtarre within the welken blaze,
Whoſe luſtre wav'd this warrior to renowne,
Worth wan renowne, renowne did purchaſe grace,
Grace made him great, & greatneſſe threw him down,
With his owne weight he fell like the worlds Towne:
I ſaw the Egle which did towre ſo hie
Fall like the Bucke; which done, deſerve to die.

I ſaw that mightie Bucke within a grove,
Shelter his hornes, which whilome threat the skie;
At length he rowzed was, and forth did rove:
Then did I ſee an Ebon arrow flie,
Which ſplit his hart; thus did the great Hart die:
Thus dide the Deere; what ſaiſt thou Pride? I ſay
There is a God, though all the world ſay nay.

There is a God, and that great God is iuſt,
As iuſt as great, as mercifull as wiſe,
His mercie, not thy merrit makes me truſt,
That thou art grac'd with Angells glorious eyes,
Whilſt God in heaven doth thee impatronize:
God gave man life, ſinne death, and God agen
Gave his owne onely ſonne to die for men.

For thee he dide, brave Earle, he dide for thee,
Not for thou wert so glorious and so wise
Hee made thee so, but Nature, oh t'was she
Wrought thy sad ruine, which my dolefull eyes
For ever mourne, like *Vestaes* sacrifice;
And well-nie leave their house, oh more then hell!
To see him so misled, which led so well.

Heavens smile on him, all joy his soule betide,
And everlasting praise his name attend,
Also his sinnes with Iesus blood be dide:
Farewell faire soule, with Saints and Angells spend
Thy age in heaven, whose daies have never end:
I'le leave thee to still rest, and tune my song
To speake of Britaine, which lies buried long.

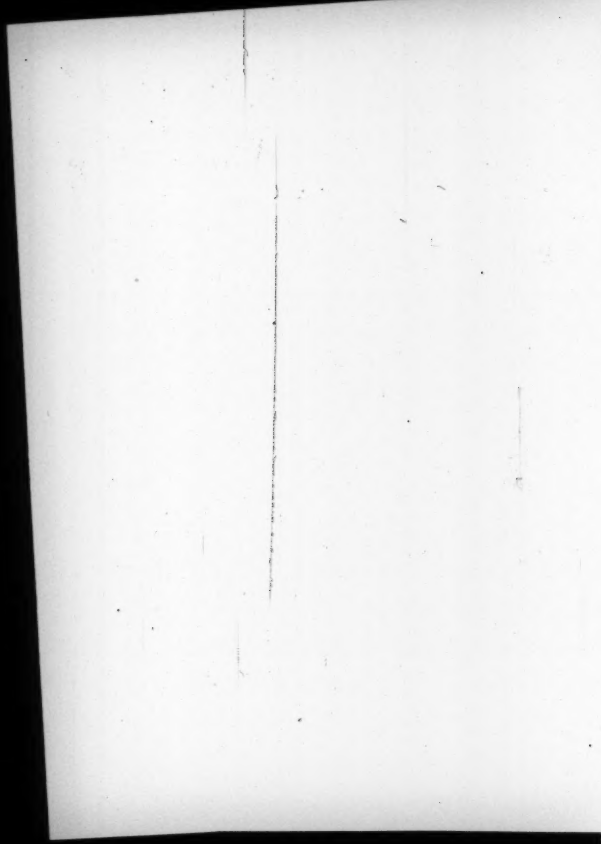
Britaine of her selfe.

Of Britaine, why? who ever heard that name?
Oh doe not heires of younger world despise
Me though now old, oh do not shew your shame!
Thus wept she faire, which made my watry eyes
Raine showres of woe for her indignities.
Doubtfull she was her sorrowes to renew,
At last poore heart, she thus began anew.

Oh why did I most wretched wight alive?
Who live and have no life, thus direly plaine,
Nay rather why? oh why do I survive!
Banisht by those that by my glory gaine,
Banisht by those that on my breast remaine,
Banisht by those that what they have is mine,
Change is the sonne of ever-mooving Time.

The name W. Slade, written on the title is not that of the author but of some former possessor of the book. He has written it again on a copy of Draytons Owle which was bound up in the same volume with this.

Notwithstanding Sheet A. having but one leaf I have no doubt of its being quite perfect; as it was bound up in the middle of a volume and there was no appearance of any leaves having been torn or drawn out.



Was this the cause, ignoble *Vortiger*,
That thou in Princely armes embrac'd their love,
And wast for this, that I did erst prefer
Your obleure value: witnesse God above,
My faith vnfainde, and their attainted love:
They came to serve, and did their Lord beguile,
Shun that slave still, who hath a servile smile.

Horsus and Hengist were hired by Vortiger to serve against the Picts.

Whilome I was, who knowes not what I was?
Nurse to great Kings, the greatest lle my name,
Brave Lords, they dide as men, men die as grasse
Lopt with the sithe, they live, though dead, my shame,
They being dead, I dide and lost my name:
As marth toombe, so I in grave was laine,
And when I rise, I'le never fall againe.

Was it not I? I was (then wept) quoth shee,
Who forc'd the Romain Egles first retire,
Retire they did: and did not *Cæsar* see
His *Labium* slaine? Then I with warlike ire,
Did chase those men that did my spoile desire:
Theie be old tales, what then? though old they bee,
They vnion praise, and with the trueth agree.

Iulius Cæsar repulst by the Britaines.

Vnion with trueth agrees, the nerve of state,
The soveraigne sinew of a Kingdomes good,
Is mutuall love, so disagreeing hate,
Vsurpers grace: as hewen Oake in wood
Falls with each winde, so falls the raigne of blood:
Vnion is heavens good, the best of state,
Whom good doth joyne, let no man seperate.

When that the ſeverall Kingdomes of this land,
Werebound with loves inviolable chaine,
They floriſht faire, and wiſely did withſtand (raigne,
The neighbour ſtrength; when Kings have too large
The wrongs they do, they will with force maintaine:
Witneſſe thou Queene of Townes, and witnes you
Old Roman Peeres, that what I ſay, is true.

The ſtate of Britaine in the daies of Nero.

Witneſſe the ſonne of murthered *Agripine*,
Nero with ſhame beheld *Pharaſarate*,
Victorious Lord: oh doe not *Rome* repine
At that great name! that man ordainde by fate,
To ſcourge thy envy and ambitious hate:
Hee warr'd, he wan, and Romans ran away,
At laſt he loſt, and *Britaine* loſt the day.

Ne onely loſt the day, the leaſt of ill,
But was enthrall'd more dire to noble eye,
Then worſt of death, to die is Natures will;
Who will withſtand? oh God forfend! and why?
Are we not borne to live, and live to die?
Pay Natures debt: t'is paid, if paid, what then?
All ſhould be free, ſo Nature made all men.

So Nature made vs all, and ſo we were,
Till fell ambition was yborne of rage;
Romes fyre, *Rome* was the vniverſall feare,
Not feard by me, ne dread by *Arviragus*;
In the raigne of Claudius. All Kings ſhould ſcorne the ſervile vaſſalage:
So did this Prince, ſo did the Britons all,
They lov'd to live in love, all loathed thrall.

Loathed

Loathed of all, but moſt of all by thee,
By thee heroicke Nymph of royall line,
By thee faire Queene, for love and warre agree,
In thy maieſtique breaſt, oh beſt of mine,
Belov'd of me as I was lov'd of thine:
Both thou and thine were mine, thou mad'ſt me free,
Strong men by maides ſubdude not ſeldome bee.

Bunduca a warlike virgin, vanquiſht the Romans.

Subdude they were, but not as oft they bee,
By beauteous blaze (thogh thou wert wondrous faire,)
Subdude they were by armes and warre, by thee
Subdude they were, it vaniſht like the ayre;
Leave nothing to the conquer'd but diſpaire:
" To hurt is ill, if yee not hurt to death,
" Revenge ſtill lives within oppreſſed breath.

Revenge ſtill breathes, *Bunduca* may not live,
May ſhe not live? oh who will help me mourne!
Affinity in woe will woe relieve:
Who will relieve my woe? my hart doth burne
To ſee mans ſtate, mans ſtate as winde doth turne:
She warr'd and wan, and winning, loſt by ſtrife,
" Warre is vneth death ſure, vncertaine life.

This was the goodly Girle, that Queene of yore,
Of whom the worlds beſt Captaines were afraide,
And this was ſhe for whom I greeve the more,
Becauſe of late ther liv'd an other maide,
By whom *Romes* Prince and Prelate was diſmaide:
Faire fare thy ſoule, faiths heire, ſtil live though dead,
Glory thy girlond girds *Auguſtus* head.

Her death.

Oh

A memoriall of our late renowned Elizabeth.

Oh who will helpe me plaine the maiden Queene?
Oh peereleſſe Princeſſe! who will lend me phraſe?
A hundred tongues they be too few I weene,
To trump ſuch faine; grave *Spenſer* live a ſpace,
And leave the grave, this monument to grace:
For bin my braines too drie, oh heavenly fire!
" Things hove our ſence we glorioufly admire.

Thy glories I admire, celeſtiall ſtarre,
Earthes ornament, whom heaven ſmiles to ſee,
Wonder of women, Queene of peace and warre,
Elizabeth, Saint, daine me leave to bee
Thy honours trumpe, ſith no man ſpeakes of the:
Sleepe ſtill bright Angel, for thy head ſhall have
A Crowne in heaven, though on the earth a grave.

What grave ſo gorgeous, or great monument,
(Compoſde by Art, or by *Appelles* made)
May vaile thy vertues, vertues eminent,
What Piramis or farre more pretious ſhade
Enwombes ſuch worth, ſuch heavens envying trade:
Glory prowd earth, her body be thy ſhare,
" High vertues to all age bequeathed are.

What age ſo dull, (pray God I never live
To ſee the day) that will not ſound thy name?
I will for ever, I for ever give
Due Girlond to great deede; forgive my ſhame,
You that have wit to mend, as well as blame:
Blame not my wit, you wiſe, but weigh my will,
Love is eſteemed where ther's no skill.

I can no skill, the greater bin my love,
Nay rather, I adore thy princely herſe,
Whome cannot ſuch a dolefull viſion move
To plaine? Oh ſad aſpect! what ſable verſe
Enwrappes ſuch woe, or done, ſuch deede reherſe:
I, many mourne, mourne all, yea all your dayes,
Whilſt I vnworthy ſound her worthieſt praiſe.

Whilome did live, there liv'd a Virgine heere,
Of bloud all royall, and of heavenly line,
And when ſhe liv'd, there liv'd a mighty peere:
Much honor'd *Dudley*, pardon my prowd rime,
Which thinkes vpon that more than glorious time:
" Whom kings reſpect, thogh they affect the right,
" Yet men will ſay they erre, becauſe they might.

Valiant thou wert, ſo wert thou alſo wiſe,
Patient in perill, prone to every good,
Belov'd of men, and gracde by ſoveraigne eyes,
Cleere was thy thought, as cleere as criſtall flood,
Loyall thy love, and royall was thy blood:
" Fain'd rumour ſhuns all trueth, beleeve not fame,
She ſtaines the white as ſnowe, the pureſt name.

What though thy fathers crime gainſt maieſtie,
Did ſomewhat darke the ſhine of thy great name?
Yet did thy hand, thoſe wreckes reedifie:
By thee was layde that Arch and gorgeous frame
Whereon is built your everlaſting fame:
When *Sidney* fell, all fear'd the Towre would fall,
Men raiſe their names, names raiſe no men at all.

5 Sir Philip Sidney the ornament of his race.

6. Sir William Sitſilt lorde Treaſurer.

Not long ere this there was a reverent man,
Whoſe iſſue lives, live brave, and ever good,
He treaſur'd vertue and bright honour wan
In midſt of Envy, and as Oake in wood,
With age he fell, and falling, raiſde his blood:
Blood woorthy praiſe, live faire and flouriſh long,
" Who firmely builds, muſt lay foundation ſtrong.

Oh thou for ever good, for ever wiſe,
Magnifike father of beſt tempred braine,
Be ever gracde and glorious in the eies
Of all the world, enioy the world againe,
Live but one day, my duetie begges in vaine:
Live but one houre, one minute leave the grave,
To ſee thy childes faire childe all honour have.

7. Henry carle of Pembroke.

Ne dares my ſilence ſhade that mighty peere,
Father of two brave Earles, heroicke ſire
Of Vertues beſt, whoſe honour I holde deere
And highly eſtimate; my zeales true fire
Enkindled is, and my enflamde deſire
Ioyes to engrave vpon his glorious herſe
This epitaph or lamentable verſe.

Theſe liv'd and rul'd, ſo did a mighty Prince,
More mighty than the mightieſt of theſe three,
And better than the beſt which govern'd ſince,
8. Renowned *Howard* whom we deem'd to bee
The perfect Mappe of true Nobilitie:
Deſerving change from ground I ſawe man riſe,
To dwell with ſtarres and rule amidſt the Skies.

Theſe

Theſe were the foure Arch-pillers of the land,
Which the chaſte Virgine ſwayd, who now lies dead
In deepe of ground, her white and ſoueraigne hand
Reſts in the vaulted duſt, whoſe glorious head
Is crown'd with earth, which is a Kings laſt bed:
Dreame on faire Queene in ioy, and my lament
With the worlds woe, ſhall be thy monument.

Th. Howard D. of Norff.
Ro. Dudley. Erle of Leic:
W. Sitsilt L. Burghley.
H. erle of Pembrooke Preſidēt of Wales.

Tis Brittaine weeps, thy mother weepes for thee,
For thee it weepes, and alſo mournes for theſe,
For theſe ſhe mournes, whom whilome I did ſee
With graue adviſe and not ignoble eaſe,
Secure the land, where rulde the Queene of Peace:
Peace be with thee faire Queen, with theſe, & them
Which faine would haue olde Brittaine liue agen.

Oh now I could diſtill my eyes in teares,
And waſte my braine, my wit, and all I had,
To thinke vpon thoſe vertues-bearing beares,
But that I ſee (ſweete ſight) which makes me glad,
Better ſucceede, than thoſe who were not bad:
The frozen north dare gaze on heavens ſhine,
So doth on theſe the humble thought of mine.

Bright troopes of Angells ever waite on thee,
And be thou gracde with ev'ry mortall pen,
Immaculare, vnſtainde, chaſte Virgine bee,
Ador'd by all which have the name of Men,
Live with the Lambe in new Hieruſalem.
Saint, daine my Sonnet to ſalute thy vrne,
I will not ioy when all the world doth mourne.

I'le ever mourne for thee, and alſo grieve,
For one before ſhe ever was, was Queene,
Queene *Helena*, bright *Helena* muſt live;
Oh live for ever bleſt, thou beſt I weene
Of all thy ſex, live ever in eſteeme:
Burne bright (brave Empreſſe) let thy luſtre ſhine,
Like to the mother of good *Conſtantine*.

The Emperor Conſtantine the firſt, ſonne to Helen a Britoneſſe had this land in good reputation.

Thou beſt of women, which to men didſt bring,
That ſonne of wonder, worthy *Conſtantine*,
The wide worldes Emp'rour, and the Brittaine king:
When he was borne, my name bare goodly ſhine,
Which held a Queene who had a ſonne divine:
Then was I famous, and did ſeeme to be,
The ſeate of this worldes rareſt maieſtie.

The Roman Court was reſident in *Troy*,
And from earths fartheſt corners hither came
Innumerable Lordes, who all did ioy,
That *Europes* empires ever-during frame,
Was layde in this large Ile of greateſt name:
Rome gave conſent, the ſubiect kings did ſmile,
To ſee their Lord and ſoveraigne in this Ile.

Then were we famous, glorious every where,
Whom now the world doth eſtimate to be
Of no repute; then did our valure beare
A faire regarde, much honor'd then was he,
Who could from vs derive his pedigree: (mine,
Oh age (dread Lord) thou wrong'ſt theſe heires of
Men are but ſlaves, and ſubiect vnto Time.

Arthur

Arthur whome all the Antients grace ſo much 9.
Certes was prudent, and of ſpirite hie,
A valiant king; albee he were not ſuch
As Wiſards faine: his fortune he did trie
Twelve times againſt the ſtrength of *Germany:*
Twelve times the Saxon kings he overcame,
Arthur did much, yet did not more than man.

As from the mountaine toppe a ſea of raine
Which falles like ſodaine tempeſt on the vale,
Doth with his channell drowne the neighbor plaine,
Or as a ſhip which is devour'd by whale,
When ſea-men iudge no danger there at all:
So man which ſailes within a ſhippe of clay,
By ſodaine ſtorme of fate is caſtaway.

Gainſt Scythian, Roman, Saxon, Pict and Dane,
I did my valiant band of youthes darraine,
And ever wan, till diſcord ſhew'd the lane
To enter me, Peeres envy, and diſdaine,
Diſturbe the peace of every quiet raigne.
Ceſar had never liv'd to vanquiſh me,
Had it not bin for traitrous treachery.

But how the Saxon came the world doth know,
And witnes *Sarums* field defilde with blood,
So may the weake, the warlike overthrowe,
The worſt the beſt, as periſh'd trees in wood
Deceive the ſight, ſo doe the bad, the good:
Trie and then truſt, give credite by delay,
The fained friends with faireſt lookes betray.

Much like the antient Lordes of *Rome* we were,
Selected chiefetaines never borne to yield,
Forward to charge, but wary to forbeare,
In counsell grave, couragious in the field,
Heartes serv'd as swords, our wisedome was our shield:
Corslets and Coats did seeme alike to me,
" Continuall ease ennerves virilitie.

But what of *Rome?* Oh *Rome*, I waile thy fall,
Thy ruines rude no rudenesse was in thee,
Whilst *Rome* thou wert, what name shall we thee call?
Not *Rome*, for *Rome* was burnt, that name we see
Is onely left of all; thus all must bee:
Thus all must vanish, all the world is vaine,
" Each state must turne, though not returne againe.

The downfall of the Roman Empire.

Where be thy antique swaines and sheepeheards fled?
Where reverent *Numa?* where the brothers brave?
What, bin they all to die? or be they led
To some more noble place? where they shall have
A larger rule, their kingdome is a grave.
This boast (prowde *Rome*) the worlde enrounding wall,
My rule must end, when God hath ended all.

Thy rule must end, and all thy glory die,
Thy glory which was wont in former time
To overspreade the plaine beneath the skie,
All beneath heaven was *Rome*, for all was thine,
But nought save worst is left. Bad out-lives Time:
Time, see thy worthiest spoyle: and see oh man,
Times pray to pray, thy period is a span,

Thou

Thou that of all waſt Queene, oh point to mee
One abiect kingdome, never yet ſo poore,
Which honours thee oh *Rome*, or daignes to bee
Thy vaſſall; no, but rather thou the whoore,
Poynted to be the Friers Paramour:
Vouchſafe to heare (dread Queene) oh pardon me,
Tis better not to be, than bad to be.

Would not this grieve that noble breaſt of thine,
Kings hating *Brute*? I know it would, and more,
Yea more than all the zealous *Conſtantine*,
And would not *Cæſar* mourne? and many more
Bewaile thy woe, who never wept before?
Oh well befall thy name, that nobly good,
Stands like an Image, without life or blood.

But all the Nobles lien lowe in duſt,
In loweſt duſt as if they never were,
Never ſo glorious: Thus all glory muſt
Be ſeeld in cheſt, and layd in balefull beare,
Happy the man who never knew to feare:
Yea more than wiſe thrice happy *Cæſar* then,
Who knew'ſt to die but once, ſo die brave men.

Where is that *Cæſar* now? oh where be they
Which ſcar'd the world? where be thoſe warriors now
Tranſported through each plage? whoſe valiant eie
Did ne're ypall to feare, they knew not how:
Great ioynts growe ſtiffe, the weaker daigne to bow:
Be they all dead? All dead they be: what then?
We all muſt die, becauſe we all are men.

Where

Where be thoſe foure life-rending chariots? where?
Yea, where be thoſe imperiall trophees layde?
Spoyles worthy thee, when as thy browe did beare
That golden circle, oh me ſeemes it prayd,
To round that ſpheare, thy head, where honor ſwayd:
And wilt thou *Brute*? no more: oh more than death,
To die by him, to whom he gave twice breath.

Ne boaſt thou *Brute*, ne glory of the deede,
For blacke it was and horride to the view,
Sad ſpectacle, when ſenſleſſe ſhadowes bleede,
And wel-nie feele the wounde, but all of you
Shall die bad death, who did your hands imbrew
In blood. *Brute* thus, Oh who will murther mee?
None but thy frend, thy frend was ſtabb'd by thee.

Cæſar falling vnder the ſtatue of Pompey, the image cried.

This world is like vnto a common Inne,
Where *Adams* childe doth live as paſſenger,
Here ſome, one day, ſome, many daies have bin,
Some Arts, ſome warre, ſome court, ſome law preferre,
We all agree in this; All wandring erre,
Who is advaunced may fall, and mount agen,
The end makes happy or vnhappy men.

Theſe now have all, and even theſe agen
Have nought at all; our ſtate like heavens move,
God governes Kings, though Kings do governe men,
Inferior things are rulde by things above,
Kings puniſh men, and God may Kings reprove,
This world is made of change, by which we ſee,
All men are ſubiect to calamitie.

Tumult

Tumult doth order, order tumult gaine,
From ruine life, from life doth ruine ſpring,
Peace warre enſues, warre peace, then ſtrife againe
Begetteth blood; blood eaſe, long eaſe doth bring
Envie, then feare, t'is feare corrupts a King:
If thou wilt truſt, truſt death, for ſhe is ſure,
" What's made of earth muſt periſh, not endure.

Who tells of *Nola* and thy golden vrne
Which didſt ſo oft the royall bird beſpread?
Who *Romes* forgetfull pride? or who doth mourne
Scipioes exile? fowle duſt muſt crowne the head
Of every one which is by Nature bred:
Heaven ſtand ſtill, *Caupernicus* we ſee,
The earth is mov'd by mans inconſtancie.

Marcellus.

Where's *Haniball?* oh *Carthage* where art thou?
Where *Haſdruball? Hamilcar* where? oh where
Be the old Roman ſpoiles? whenas you ſlew
So many Knights, whoſe Kingdomes had no meare,
Till you confinde their raigne with endleſſe feare:
Cato (too cruell) dooth thy ruine crave,
" *Rome* is ſecure, ſecuritie breedes care.

Oh *Rome!* thou lively image of my pride,
And *Carthage*, thou my ruines ayrie ſhade,
Your noble brats, whoſe praiſes wonten wide
To trumpe your fame with all ſubverting blade
Expreſt your worth, which vaniſh'd as a ſhade:
So flouriſh'd I, ſo fell, ſo flouriſh'd mine,
" And ſo they fell, rulers the ſpoile of time.

Constantius with an army of Britaine vanquiſhes, overthrew the Roman Legions.

The worlds elected Monarch hence withdrew
My budding hopes, the twigges of mightie tree,
With which the Roman Oakes he over-threw,
In recompence whereof, he gave to mee
That part of *France*, now cleaped *Britanie*:
Oh then I was, yea that aggreeves me moſt,
They have no cauſe to plaine that never loſt.

How many Roman Emprors did I ſee,
All feare begon, vnto their ſhips retire,
Chaſde by the valiant Kings of *Britanie*;
When I was whole, vnrented and entire,
My ſtrength was term'd the barre of *Romes* deſire:
Ne did, or ever could ſhe vanquiſh me,
But by fain'd faith, friends infidelitie.

Conſtance by ſeducing many Britaines to defend his rule, much impaired the force of this Iland.

The ſecond conſtance both in worth and name
Did finiſh what his grandfather began,
And left me deſolate, as barren dame
Withouten ſonne, the baite of honour wan
My beſt of youth, and left me ſcarce a man:
Youth's prone to erre, and honour will allure
" The grave foreſight, to build on hope vnſure."

Galfredus.

Hope is vnſure, vncertaine mans eſtate,
Which as a ſea by wind of divers ſect
Is much enrag'd, each ſprinckle ſeemes to hate
The neighbours height; ſo man, or mans defect
The ſence envies or ſacred intellect:
And to returne, (great Clerke) I end with thee,
Valure did never vanquiſh *Britanie*.

Now do I wander, *Cato* ſees me erre,
Smile not ſterne churle on my licentious vaine,
Things done long ſince, together I conferre,
Whoſe ſolide boſomes do in them containe
The noble gifts, which doe with vnion raigne:
Some ſay I am obſcure, looke well, then vaine
You may me iudge, but iudge me alſo plaine.

That likes me beſt, my breaſt is ever bare,
No Statiſt I to mannage great affaire,
Though I them praiſe; if that defect may dare
Attempt ſuch worth, ſuch worth the loſty ayre
Of ſome more noble Bard ſhould blazon faire:
Kings are like Gods, moſt like when they be iuſt,
Celeſtiall vertue lives in toombes of duſt.

I iealous am, and do admire the Peere
Who priſons wrath, and patient ſeemes to bee?
Who is imployd and held of ſoveraigne deere,
Yet will have nought ſave honour? honour hee
Eſteemes bove all that can him given bee:
She gives immortall daies, oh ever bleſt!
Who ſpares no travell for a Kingdomes reſt.

That man I love, that man I honour much,
Who's inlie wife, and ſpends the tedious day
In grave fore-ſight; if there be any ſuch,
(As many bee) me ioyes, I, thoſe be they
That doe what's iuſt, but do not what they may:
Theſe be all fire and ioyn'd with Lyons theſe,
Who pleaſing God, their King do alſo pleaſe.

I will not ſmoothe, ne am I paraſite
To any ſtate, ne was I borne to bee
The ſlave of Time, ne ever will I write
In ſmoother lay, as many ſeeme to mee,
Which praiſe earths worſt, becauſe they worthy bee:
Worthy? oh no! no worth doth live in them,
Save their great names, which makes them ſeem great (men.

I cannot honour vice, ne dares my pen
Maske vgly ſhape of ſinne, it ſhunnes the hire
Of baſe reward; you dead but glorious men,
Whoſe glories live and greatneſſe I admire,
Perſwades me ſing, and with this rude attire
Clothe your halfe-rotten bones, and to your herſe,
Vouchſafe me conſecrate my ſable verſe.

Mee thinkes I could an hoary period ſpend
In this harmonious golden Paradiſe,
This pallace of all good, this goodly end,
End of all good, all good doth ſimpathize,
In him that's great, and being great, is wiſe:
Not lovely front which fades, but learned braine
Gaines honour true, true honour is not vaine.

Things which continuance long did lift on hie,
Whoſe weldie baſe was iudgement and advife,
Stand on immoved rocke as firme as skie,
Which though it move, and that in laſting wiſe,
Yet heaven is ſtill, though there be mooving skies:
Such honour as the tide may ebbe and flow,
" Vertue muſt live, albe it may lie low.

Such

Such honour is true honour and true praise,
Such honour and such praise the Romans wan,
The Græcians such, those were magnifique dayes,
Liberall to merites due: for as I scan,
" None should weare honor, but who honor wan.
Thou spurre of doing well, no more of such,
Lest that I seeme to praise my selfe too much.

To praise my selfe, fie, that were too great sinne,
So diffrent from the humble thought of mine,
As man from being good, or good to winne
By his deserve, my merits have no shine,
For they bin gaz'd by planets feminine:
The sad event of things perswades me see,
Saturne was Lord of my nativitie.

But you whose starres the Sunne and Venus were, To England.
Predestinate to every noble deede,
Looke on me wretch, looke, but you must not feare
The like effect, successfull be your seede
And noble heires, which from your lines proceede:
Yet daine to stop bright eyes, and you shall see,
Ambition wrought the wracke of *Britanie*.

Inhumane monster, borne of *Adams* pride, Ambition the ruine of Britaine.
Eves wish, sinnes scourge, Gods wrath, heavens iust ire,
Earths shame, hells sonne, bloods river, envies pride,
Natures defect, deaths Queene, infernall fire,
Mens grave, Kings feare, worlds woe, mans first desire;
Ambition is the essentiall cause of warre,
Heavens bad prophet, murtherer blazing starre.

State rending hooke, ambition is a fire;
Which though it ſmothered lie in deepe of breaſt,
Still lively breathes, (how boundleſſe is deſire)
And ſcornes prowd barre, albee that wiſedome wreſt
Natures worſt gift, yet nature cannot reſt,
But doth vnmaske her blame, blame worthy all
Who raiſe their fortunes by a kingdomes fall.

Ambition the child of envy.

Ambition is ſelfe-praiſing envies childe,
Who doth beget of wrath, diſdaine and rage,
Cities ſad ſpoiles, where many worthies pilde
In heapes conſume, and ſhe in every age
Workes ſtrange effects vpon this lower ſtage:
Shee's deere to all, but moſt to them on hie,
" Ambition ſeldome lives with miſerie.

Ambition the roote of harme.

Ambition is the roote of every ill,
Whence diſcord (civill monſter) doth ariſe
Like Snake from dung: ſo ſprings inhumane will
From heape of clay, ſedition is all eyes,
Which as a Stateſ-man to each ſecret pries:
The ladder to aſcend the breach of wall,
" Inteſtine tumult workes a Kingdomes fall.

Love, the beſt defence.

Who cannot hold a rocke-ymounted Towre,
Guarded by nature and more mighty love:
More mighty then a Kingdomes royall powre,
But if theſe good effects contention move,
They'le eyther die as ſlaves, or ſervants prove:
" Experienc'd faith doth firme affection breede,
" He is a friend that is a friend in neede.

As

As mighty hulke in midſt of hugy wave,
The priſe for whom two ſturdie windes contend,
Deemes that each Tempeſt doth her ruine crave:
So muſt the ſtate where all to greatneſſe tend,
As man proſcript, fore-ſee his ſuddaine end:
Heaven and earth by this diſtinguiſh'd bee,
Earth hath all variance, heaven harmonie.

Oh cleere our eyes, leſt we be wilfull blinde!
This wrath of God and vengeance doth allure
Man to kill man, which doth offend the minde,
Her ſmoother front ſuch venome doth immure,
As who thereof doth taſte, is poiſned ſure:
Senec againſt nature ſtrives, ſhee loves a meane,
What's ever bad, that's ever in extreame.

Diſcord the end of ambition.

Some hunt for praiſe and ſpend their words in vaine,
Vaine words whoſe end do nouriſh diſcontent,
Which as a ſtole o're vailes the wiſer braine,
Hope blindes defect, the hope of great event
Makes man thinke ill, and that is diſcontent:
Murmurs ambiguous phraſe, and ſaies all's bad,
A ſelfe-conceit will make a young man mad.

Diſcontentment the cauſe of ſin.

Such idle ideots, none but ſuch as theſe,
(Which nothing have, and therefore cannot looſe,)
Like warre, becauſe they cannot live in peace,
Peace thou wilt organ, ſilence rather chooſe,
He needes muſt erre, whoſe tongue is ever looſe:
In warre wee'le vſe thee, but in peace be dumbe,
The valiant man himſelfe ſhould overcome.

Diſcontent, the iſſue of prodigalitie.

I doe not now, ne will I ever blame
True Fortitude, whose trumpet I will bee,
If she do daigne mee grace to sound her name:
But thou whose feathred Crest cries lowd to mee,
Thou loath'st the Campe and lov'st the Canopie:
T'is thee I swinge, and with an yron rod,
A hardned hart feeles not the wrath of God.

The rand of Discord.

Who feares not God, can he doe ever good?
But such as these the seede of discord sow,
Which nothing reape but ruine, rape and blood;
Blood askes revenge, and vengeance comes, though (slow,
But where is peace, there milke & hony flow:
Peace is the soveraigne salve of wounded weale,
What Armes hurt that amity doth heale.

The happines which doth attend vnion.

Where peace is, there is vniversall love,
Where love, there lawes to all alike remaine,
There equall lawe, where Iustice sphere doth move
To all aspect; where ever iustice raigne,
There's ever peace, t'is peace doth iustice gaine:
Peace doth vnite, and vnion is the tree,
Love is the roote, the fruit felicitie.

Turne over all the wonder of old daies,
And in them all thy iudgement may behold,
What ever merites honour, or what praise;
What florisht yong, and what was nobly old
Was gainde by love, and held by being bold:
Sertorius maine *Misipsas* band of wood,
Emblaze loves worth, vnited force is good.

Looke in the yonger world, and there, there ſee
How all their woes by envy erſt was bred,
Humble thy haughty eie, and looke on me,
On me moſt faire, where envy ever fed,
How much I was by Vnion honored:
Hee's exc'lent who prevents; and he is wiſe,
Who by example ſecond miſchiefe flies.

Behold the factious *Guelph* and *Gibeline*,
See *Millaine* burne, and ſee the Roman ire,
See *Fredericke* rage, and ſee the Florentine
In civile armes, ſee *Naples* ſet on fire
With inward brawle; what limit hath Deſire?
When wilt thou end? Tis ended, and what thou?
" The end of griefe beginnes another woe.

The diſſen-
on of Italie.

Me thinkes I take the young mans taske in hand,
Or with ground-iſſue threate the ayrie King:
Oh ſtay thy thunder! I amazed ſtand,
And rather help and wiſedome to him bring,
Who glories of thy Iuſtice for to ſing:
For what elſe is diſſention in a State,
But plague powrde downe, ſuch powre to ruinate.

Strike the Stage dombe, thou tragike Muſe of mine,
And let my crimſon Clarion lowdly yell,
Aloft yee Numbers in more ſtately rime,
And to this age, this latter world ytell,
What diffrence is twixt doing ill and well:
Let *Arnus* neighbour *Fiorenza* prove,
What ſhe by diſcord loſt, and wan by love.

Yet higher yet, as hie as heavens fire,
And make the lampes nigh melt to heare thee plaine,
For I will ſing of nought but rage and ire,
Rebells to State, I, theſe ſhall ſound my ſtraine,
Let others, others pleaſe, I'le pleaſe my vaine:
Silent thy murmure *Arnus* but a while,
Whilſt I thy miſtris miſery compile.

The diſcord of the Florentines made them ſlaves to others.

When *Florence* was what *Florence* is not now
(More happy ſhe) a diſ-vnited ſtate,
Then *Florence* did, but *Florence* will not bow
To neighbour armes, not armes, but inward hate
Made thoſe bright ſpires of envy deſolate:
Not *Manferds* rage, though it were all of blood
Did wrecke her ſo, as love did werke her good.

The pretenſe of liberty a maske for treaſon.

Oh liberty! thou god of multitude,
For which, who would not wiſh to have a grave
Deſerves not life; ignoble ſervitude
Shews the baſe mind, but thoſe which freedome have,
A firy ſparke their ſpirits doth embrave:
Witneſſe thou ſubiect of my ſable ſceane,
A troubled channell never can be cleane.

This maske of treaſon, cloake of diſcontent,
This ſeeming good, this enſigne of deſpaire,
To which bad troope, this gowne of ill intent,
Where riot is enwombde, this outward faire,
And inly foule, thou people-chaunting aire,
Freedomes ſweete type, thou ſpring of civill blood,
What is ſo bad that hath not ſhew of good?

Such

Such, or more pleaſing muſicke did induce
The credule crowde of that diſordred towne,
Where Iealouſie (State monſter) did abuſe
The idle rowte, and caſt the great men downe;
Suſpition is the piller of a Crowne.
Thus are they ſlaves in ſeeking to be free,
Where diſcord is, there is no libertie.

Now might I rove as Roe or nimble Hinde
In world of plaine, a ſubiect infinite,
Such ſtore of matter noble doe I finde,
As where my ſelfe to take, or what to write,
I finde election all indefinite:
Shall I crave Patience leave? Oh no, t'were ſinne,
I'le rather end, before I ſcarce beginne.

Ne will I write, ne will I ever ſing
Of *Nera*, *Bianch*, ne of *Arigo*,
Of *Athens* duke, ne yet of *Naples* king,
Too much I feare (pray God it be not ſo)
That I of my infirmitie did ſhow.
Shall I of *Rixi* and *Albiſi* ſpeake?
Tis bad to make a law, and that to breake.

A continuance of Italian diſcord.

Ne will I ſing of mutuall diſagree,
(The feare of common men, and nobles pride)
Two mighty ſpurres of civill enmitie:
Ne will I longer on this theame abide,
But downe deſcend, let iudgement be my guide:
What's beſt, if tedious, may the beſt diſpleaſe,
Methode doth more then matter nouriſh eaſe.

Ne will I treate of *Laurence* nor his ſonne,
Nor of the famous reverent *Coſimo*,
By whome the love of every man was wonne,
But I will ſing (my Numbers ſweetely flowe
In pleaſing phraſe) their houſes overthrow:
But I will ſing, that every man may ſee,
Diſſention overthrew all *Italie*.

aur: de Me-
cisfor the
fety of Italie
id eſtabliſh
oncord be-
weene the
ſtates of Na-
es, Milaine,
nd Florence.

That much renownd, that famous Florentine,
Who whilſt he liv'd, was lov'd, and held moſt deere,
Moſt deere to all that did to peace encline,
Moſt deere to all where vertue did appeare,
For he could well the clave of kingdome ſteere:
He whilſt he liv'd, combind thoſe kingdoms three,
Which ſevered fell, and ſcarred *Italie*.

He whilſt he lived wellnie did appeaſe
Lodowickes iuſt feare, and wrongde *Alphonſoes* ire,
And drew the warlike king to covet eaſe,
Yet would not he to higher grace aſpire,
For well he could and would ſubdue deſire:
For well he knew the wrong which *Galeas* had,
But tis not good to make a great man mad.

For well he knew, and wiſely did he feare
Ambitious *Venice*, which did thirſt for warre,
Whoſe empire tho did greater ſemblance beare,
This league was made their puiſſance to embarre;
All looſe ſave *Venice*, *Venice* wins by warre:
Thus were they bound each other to defend,
Tis oddes when three gainſt any one contend.

Their league.

Thus

Thus did he liue as if that he were borne,
Not to himſelfe, (as great men nowadayes,)
But to the publique good, which they nigh ſcorne,
Thus did he liue, and prov'd by all aſſayes
To grace his Citty with triumphant praiſe:
He dies in his beſt dayes, we oft beholde,
Soone ripe, ſoone rot, ſoone firde, & as ſoone colde.

Oh who will lend me griefe and driery dole,
And moiſt theſe ruby globes, theſe mournefull eies,
My brow ſhould be endarkt with Cyprian ſtole,
Whilſt I compoſe this ſable exerciſe,
Vnworthy of maieſtique obſequies:
Oh well befall that man, his praiſe be olde
That was both temprate, iuſt, and wiſely bolde.

When *Laurence* dide, then *Peter* did decline,
And wholy bent his love to *Ferdinand*;
Men ſaw (as in a cloude which did divine
The future ſtorme) confuſion neere at hand:
Affection is vnable to command.
Lodowicke miſdoubts; miſtruſt doth waite on blame,
Good cauſe is bolde, and never feareth ſhame.

That ſubtile Lord knowes well to temporiſe,
And ſhew ſmoothe front to his immortall foe;
So muſt he bonnet vaile who will ſurpriſe
Ordaine revenge, or ſtate vſurpe; and moe,
He muſt ſeeme good although he be not ſo:
He breakes all league, and calles in forraine warre,
Bad truſt not thoſe who know how bad they are. Their diviſion.

Oh whither wilt? what fury dooth me leade
To this vntroden deſart, full of wayes?
Miſdoubt my guide, and which of them to treade
Me greatly feares; feare not yee humble layes,
To trace the path, and finiſh your eſſayes:
What *ignis fatuus* doth illude my quil?
Reaſon ſhould governe man, and not his will.

What braſen quill, or Adamantine pen?
What Diamond? or harder inſtrument,
Drencht, and nigh drown'd in blood of dying men?
Can limme this mourneful ſtories ſad event,
Where ended nigh th'Italian governement:
Inbred ſedition is the blazing ſtarre,
Which lights ambition to ech neighbor warre.

When *Lodwicke Sforce*, who ſwaid the Milaine crowne,
Sawe *Alphons* grudge at his vſurped ſtate,
Becauſe he kept his royall nephew downe,
Who married had *Alphonſos* childe of late;
He to prevent this wrath of great mens hate,
Mov'd *Charles* who had the *Aniowe* title than,
To claime the kingdome *Neapolitane*.

The diſtraction of Italy made it ſubiect to forrain dominion.

See the imperious *Charles*, as tyrant flood,
Who overrunnes and waſtes the neighbor plaine,
Whom neither bulwarke made by earth or wood
Can once beate backe, for he like fiery traine,
Blowes vp each ſtate, and as a king doth raigne:
And doth with Latine ſword the Latines beate,
Tis ill to make a neighbor king too great.

Now

Now *Alphons* vengeance comes with nimble paſe, Their miſerie
And thou muſt leave thy Crowne to *Ferdinand:*
Thy bad his good, as clowde the skies embaſe:
See *Florence Peter*, ſee thy rended band
Hath ſhew'd the way for tyrants to command:
See *Alexander*, thy ambitious minde,
Hath all thy greatnes in a Towre confinde.

See all of you, yea all the world behold The effects o
Prowde *Genes* fall, and *Charles* as *Caſar* ride diſagreement
In brave Ovation like the Roman olde:
See kingdomes periſh by their Princes pride.
Bleſt is the ſtate whoſe ſterne the wiſe men guide:
Caponis courage *Florence* made thee free,
The noble minde is tride in miſerie.

See *Naples*, ſee the period of warres heate,
See *Millaine* all on diſcontented feare,
See mighty kings and princes *Charles* intreate,
Who as a Roman Emperour thee did beare
A ſoveraigne rule and power ev'ry where:
Learne then oh man! from civill warre doth riſe,
Inhumane death, and all calamities.

Thus farre my Muſe hath with vnchecked ſtraine
Sung balefull woe, which doth on diſcord tend;
I therefore wiſh (let not my wiſh be vaine)
That every ſoule would in the world contend
His life with love and amitie to ſpend.
Hence I conclude what all the world doth ſee,
There is no love, where is no vnitie.

I'le leave earths garden to that dire miſchance,
Which did vnnaturall enmity enſue,
For I will bend my courſe and ſaile to *France*,
Where ev'ry true vnpartiall eie ſhall view
Sad deſolation, private murther rue:
Where rule vnlike, and diffrent lawes remaine,
There muſt be envy, diſcord and diſdaine.

Inequalitie the cauſe of diſcord.

Al ſweare in one, the valiant Engliſh were
Enobled by bolde proweſſe, and brave deede,
Yea Roman-like they triumpht every where,
Yea ev'ry where they purchaſde glories meede,
Conteſt yee Salique ſkarres which ever bleede:
France (though vnwilling) to the world vnfold
Thoſe overthrowes which you receiv'd of old.

Who can deny? or if they could, who dare?
That our victorious enſignes were diſpredde
Vpon your topleſſe towres, and ruines rare,
Rare ruines, when your worthieſt Peeres were led
As captives to the Kings that triumphed:
Who doth appeale? reproove, ſterne *Edward* tell
How the French fled, and *Iohn* at *Poictiers* fell.

This was but one, yea one againe you ſaw;
Illuſtrious *Henry*, *Henry* clad in ſteele,
Courage it ſelfe, whoſe courage did endaw
Your bold bravado, and as furrowing keele
Emplowes the wave, ſo he with nimble heele
Of luſty Roe, and Eagle wing did chaſe
Your wonted flight, to flie is ever baſe.

But

But now I muſt, the truth I muſt confeſſe,
Which is as deere as mine owne ſoule to mee,
Or aught more deere, if aught were more, as leſſe
It cannot be, deere *England*, deere to mee
As truth it ſelfe, I truly honour thee:
Thy Princeſſe wan, their diſcord loſt, t'was ſhe
Brought vs to *France*, ſhe gone, ſoone parted wee.

The diſcord of France, made England victorious.

Burgoigne Arch-peere and princely *Orliannys*,
(The nerves and ſinewes of vnſetled ſtate,
Equall corrivalls in the wielding poyſe,)
Sdaine others rule, Ambition, rather fate
Wrought this all ill, no end hath great mens hate:
No end, but when they end, *Valois* began,
Short and vncertaine are the daies of man.

When mighty *Iohn* the Duke of *Burgundy*,
Perceiv'd the Kings heroicke brother ſlaine,
He gan to ſwell with prowd indignitie,
Which many Peeres and Princes did complaine,
Whom the brave Dolphin did with hope retaine:
Theſe all reſolve his ruine to conſpire,
Which they accompliſh'd in the height of ire.

Then did they gin his hardy ſonne to brave,
Charles, whom no feare nor ever did amaze,
Ne death it ſelfe, ne very depth of grave;
He when he ſaw his fathers ſad diſgrace,
Gan rowze his Creſt againſt the royall race
Of *France*, revenge hath bloody ſpurres, and ſhe
Is ſoone ſeduc'd to any crueltie.

What though she gaine the worst and nothing gaine,
To see the loathed sonne hurl'd downe to ground,
Mee thinkes exceedes all diapase or straine
Of harmony, and that melodious sound,
As costly Balsamum doth salve the wound:
The fore-head of revenge is dawbde with good,
Albee her inward breast is nought save blood.

But when the shrub by lofty Oake is preist,
How shal he then: how then relieve his woe?
Must he complaine: or must he patient rest?
Rest without rest, to see the prowd borne foe
Daily to rise, himselfe downe lower grow:
Must he do so: oh no, t'is ill, and why?
Whoo'd live in shame that might with honour die?

10. Henry the fifth called to the Conquest of France by Charles Duke of Burgundy.

Those that with honour die, doe ever live,
But not relieve their wo, that man must then
Submit to one more great, who can him give
(And will) aspiring hope; the mighty men
Still envy those that seeme as great as them:
So *Charles* to *Henry* did, so vanquish'd hee,
"That Weale must wracke, where great men disa-gree.

The effects of intestine sedition.

This as a thunder rage doth cleave in twaine,
The well knit pillars of a mighty land,
Or as a channell over-rich in raine,
Doth vndermine the poasts which nigh it stand,
As seem'd to scorne that wood should so command:
So private quarrell in a publique State,
Like pestilence makes Cities desolate.

This

This like our grandam Earth doth all devoure,
The choise of men, and this vnsatiate Boare,
Emplows the plaine, where grow the glorious bowre,
And not the hilly rocke, ne barren shoare,
Where's ever envy, there is ever store:
Hiena like this harlot doth beguile,
No traitor to the traitor that can smile.

This horride Hagge, this vgly creature,
Which shades defect with some vermilion geare,
Ypainted Lady, Ladies now invre
Their hands to dawb, poore Art when women weare,
(I will not say false faces) but false haire:
Pardon (dread Dames) it is not you I meane,
But Discord, which is like a painted queane.

Here might I wade a very world of roome,
The Roman Fathers famous farre away,
Ere they wage warre abroade, made peace at home,
And spent more dayes in stinting civill fray,
Than conq'ring all which did their rule gainsay.
The Roman State did never land subdue,
Vnlesse her Lordes and Rulers were vntrue.

Math: in lib. de principi.

Thus whilome did her elder sister fare,
So long as *Greece* divided was, so long
She was invrde to servitude, and baire
No empery, ne sdainde to suffer wrong;
But being ioyn'd, she daily grew more strong,
More strong than all the world, she cleaped then
Her selfe the Queene and Governesse of men.

The commendation of vnion.

Vnion the ſoule and ſalve of Common weale,
The ſoveraigne nerve of ſtate, and kingdomes baſe,
Honours foundation and the prop of zeale,
Immortall without end, celeſtiall grace,
The beſt of all is one, and ever was.
The roote of good, bad's end, of all the beſt,
The cauſe of peace, and peace the cauſe of reſt.

Is there more Gods then one? one excellent good,
One water, earth, one ayre, and but one fire,
One ſoule in man, all ſpirit without blood,
One heaven which doth this lower globe engire,
One Sunne, one Moone, and one vnquiet ſphire?
Where dwell the ſtars? I, heavens gree, but wee
Loathe heavens love, and that is harmonie.

God made but one, then man had Paradiſe,
All riſe from one, and all to one muſt tend,
The tree is one whence many boughs ariſe,
The graine but one whence many eares extend,
Man hath one birth, one birth hath but one end:
Rome ſaw ſhe needed but one Prince to have,
" The rule of many is a Kingdomes grave.

Vnion is that which maketh Kingdomes great
And gratious in the eyes of all eſtate,
Nought ſave the heavens ſuch wonder can beget,
It is ere the world was predeſtinate,
To none ſave thoſe whom Angells eſtimate:
The beſt of good, Gods elect grace, for he
Loves none that doe not live in amitie.

All

All thoſe whom learning famouſed of old,
All thoſe whom now we reverently adore,
All that be skild in Art, in Armes bold,
Perfect in aught, yea all the world and more,
Heaven it ſelfe doth vnitie implore:
One ſyre, one Sonne, there is one ſacred ſpirit,
Three perſons, but one God indefinite.

How well would this become the greateſt Ile,
Three warlike people to impatronize?
And of three warlike Nations to empile
One Monarchy, whence glory might ariſe,
And honour vnto all poſterities.
Ne law nor honour doth the ſame improve,
But a farre meaner ſtop, ſenſe or ſelfe-love.

Oh where is *Britaine! Britaine* where is ſhee?
What? ſmothered in forgetfull ſepulcher?
Exilde from mans reviving memorie?
Oh no, let *England* like a childe preſes
That well knowne title of her anceſter:
I know the neighbour ſiſters of this Ile,
Will greatly glory in ſo good a ſtile.

What? done the vnamaſed Muſes dare
Aſſume the charge of mighty Common-weale?
No, glorious men of ſtate, the Muſes are
But hand-maides to thoſe worthy wights which deale
In Kingdomes cauſe, and their inflamed zeale
Doth inly burne, your excellence to ſing,
Albee it far too meane to ſhew ſuch thing.

Whom not a world, ne heaven might all ſuffice,
Whoſe peereleſſe Empire never limit knew,
When that great Prince vnited was and wiſe,
Who him withſtood, that did not after rue;
And did not *Greece* the Eſterne world ſubdues
Did not he wiſh that all this world were one,
One name, one tongue, one law, one *Macedon*.

Alexander wiſhed the whole world one kingdom.

But when his heires (vnworthy ſo to bee)
Vnworthy heires, though, worthieſt was his choice,
Hight *Perdicas*, but *Perdicas* did ſee
His maiſters merrit, envy counterpoiſe,
Whoſe life breed feare, his end doth nouriſh ioyes:
One is made five, five have what one earſt had,
Pride, envy, envy rule, rule makes men mad.

The diviſion of the Græcian Monarchy wrought much harme.

When the earthes maiſters, Romans heeretofore
With their ſtill ſtriving neighbours did vnite,
Did not they both agree, and both implore
One name? like law, one cuſtome, and like rite,
" Equalitie breedes love, but greatneſſe ſpite.
" Like loveth like, but ſeldome do we ſee
" Affection in the throne of Majeſtie.

Liui.

So did the loyall ſonne whence earſt he came
In armed guiſe, the ſtranger ſoone to prove,
Old daies beſt trumpes, record how he did tame
The bordring States, then cauſe of hate t'amove,
Gave them one name, one law, and vſde one love.
But what of theſe? their children were, and bee
Heires to the fourth laſt greateſt Monarchie.

Idem.

Suſpitious frame is inequalitie,
Vpon whoſe front is laid the arch of hate,
Where diſcontent guards Towers of iniurie,
And rude emotion rendes obedience gate,
Which like a Sea o're-whelmes the ſhip of ſtate:
" Similitude knits harts with ſilver chaine,
" When ſubiects gree, then Princes glory gaine.

The difference twixt equality and inequalitie.

For as the Sunne ſhootes forth impartiall beames,
So libertie and iuſtice ſhould be one,
To all the ſame, or as the ſilver ſtreames,
Which downe deſcend from cliffe or watry ſtone;
Are ever cleere, ſo lawe ſhould favour none:
This mov'd *Mecænas* thus perſwade his King,
" Diverſitie of names all harme bring.

Caſtilio lib. 4.

Oh that ſome great *Mecænas* would perſwade
The willing breaſt of our ſo gratious king,
Vnto ſo good a deede, then would I wade
In deepe of praiſe, and *Clios* ſelfe ſhould ſing
His worth, whilſt I gave life to lowly ſtring:
In vaine I wiſh, ſith Princes wiſh in vaine,
Hope onely doth with miſery remaine.

This mov'd that famous Schoolemaiſter of old,
(To whom was left all ſcience treaſurie,
Whoſe braine did Natures deepeſt ſecret hold)
To wiſh a league (if ſuch a league might bee)
As was but once at Chriſts Nativitie:
One law mongſt all, all govern'd by one man,
" Sith like obedience, like allegeance wan.

Aristotle wished the whole world one kingdom.

Farneze this in *Parma* did intend,
And thought to ioyne *Placentia* with the ſame;
This *Lewis* did with *Britaine*, to the end
That *France* might quiet be; one law and name
Doth everlaſting peace in Kingdome frame:
Henry the ſeaventh did the ſame intend,
When *Margret* he to *Iames* did recommend.

Britaine vnited to the Crowne of France by marrying the heire thereof.

This was that vnion which *Polonia* wan,
When it in marriage match'd with neighbour ſtate,
And thereby gain'd the Crowne of *Lithuan*;
Loue is the ſpouſe of glory, end of hate,
Which is with ioy and peace conterminate:
Witneſſe this vniverſe, which once did ſee
A league mongſt men, at Gods nativitie.

Auguſtus Cæſar Emperour of the whole world.

What is more glorious then a land entyre?
More to be wiſh'd, then loue or heauenly peace?
Or what doth more agree with Gods deſire?
Wee cannot Chriſt our Saviour more diſpleaſe
Then when to liue in amity we ceaſe:
Thus ſaith the Lord, whoſe words be ever true,
Loue one another ſtill as I loue you.

Henry the ſecond & King Iohn were called Kings of Britaine: Henry the ſeaventh and the eight.

If princely *Iohn* and his more noble ſyre,
If *Henry* who ſurnamed was the Wiſe,
And if his ſonne this vnion did deſire;
If *France* it hindred left that we ſhould riſe
To rub old ſcarres and drowne indignities:
What ſhall we doe? nay what not doe, to gaine
That title, which for ever ſhall remaine?

I thinke, and as me ſeemes I thinke the beſt,
That England ſhould, and Scotland both detaine
Triumphant glee, and both contented reſt
With this great Title, which ſome thinke but vaine,
If not with that, then with this quiet raigne:
How like you are! can nothing pride remove?
Men ſay, Similitude ingendreth love.

You have one God, one King, one land you have,
One watry wall doth both your coaſts engire,
Yborne alike yee be, and have like grave,
Both valiant, wiſe, attempred with like fire;
You onely want one name, and one deſire:
Wiſh you home peace; This you ſecures, if warre,
Valure vnited growes more valiant farre.

Dares peſant Ignorance amaze the wiſe,
And priſon Iudgements eine? It may not be,
Men be not led by ſenſe, but reaſons eies
Diſcerne the truth; who would not vnion ſee?
Envy which lookes awry, and none but ſhee.
Oh be not envious, ne ſuſpition drincke,
They ſweare that true, which Princes never thinke.

Some men done ſay, I nought ſave Poetize,
And argue without grant, I not deny,
That all approove who are approoved wiſe
This league of kingdomes; but the iealous eie
Dreames danger moſt, when harme leaſt is nie.
Love this allowes, Law ſayes it ſhould not be;
All perills doe attend on noveltie.

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ine, the
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con-Mach.

What of *Granade*, *Lucete*, and *Aragon*?
The *Caſtiles* twaine, and famous *Andeluſe*?
Be not they all as if they were but one?
Why then ſhould this ſo many men amuſe?
That *Brittaines* doe the name of *Britaine* chuſe.
Eternall deedes were by this concord done,
A ſecond world this ſecond Vnion wonne.

Was never king of *Caſtile* did ſo brave,
So brave and great a deede was never done
By the prowde man, who ſwilles the *Batique* wave,
So large a plaine as this was never wonne
By *Portaguſe*, ne yet by *Aragon*.
'Twas Spaine did this, theſe all. Hence I conclude,
" Vnion is Queene of noble fortitude.

What did the wiſe and valiant *Ferdinand*
When *Charles* like thunder in triumphant guiſe,
Ruſht on the ruines of a mighty land,
Which whilome was ydrad? With mournefull eies
He ſawe his kinſmen fall, nor durſt he riſe
In armes gainſt luſty *Charles*, when *Spaine* was one,
France fell, and *Naples* fell to *Aragon*.

T'was not *Charles* ſelfe, but t'was vnited *Spaine*
Made *Charles* ſo glorious, and her ſelfe ſo great;
So great ſhe was, that latter world doth daine
To be her ſlave; and with her childrens ſweat
Dig her owne wombe; Weſt *India* makes *Spaine* great:
Witnes the antique worthies whilome dead,
The glorious geſts this mighty vnion bred.

Witneſſe

Witneſſe that ominous and fatall day,
Where the brave *Peſquaury* did all deſtroy
Inſulting *Francis*, and in mighty fray
Tamde the ſtowt *Swize* and ſturdy Milanois,
Then *Milaine* was, what *Milaine* was I ioy
To thinke, but *Milaine* is (vnhappy ſhe)
The lively Mappe of ſad ſervilitie.

The battle before Pa

As me ſhe fell, I fell and cannot riſe,
Shee loſt, but wan, ſmall woe to her, but I
Have loſt my ſelfe, diſtreſſed me, the wiſe
Shut me in grave, grave men done me to die,
And dead I am, ſo *Milaine* was, but I
Shall never be, ſhe is as erſt I was,
I am as ſhe muſt be, I am but graſſe.

I not deny the German name is great
And mighty in the eie of all eſtate,
Yet muſt I ſay (my vowes doe me intreate,
But not ſeditious I, that ſtaine I hate)
I was as faire, and time may ruinate
Her name as mine, mine reſt, and ſhe agen,
(Which God avert) may live and dwell with men.

England a name of renowne.

Then did ſhe plaine, and fountaines left her eies,
Sweete pearly miſt, ne did ſhee lin to crie;
Soone after theſe hart-rending Elegies,
I ſawe her gaze with admirable eie,
Vpon the dales and vallies which were nie:
Then gan ſhe weepe anew, with ſighes oppreſt,
Which might have mov'd an adamantine breaſt.

A continuation of Brittain lament.

So dire her doale, as if she then would die,
When all agast to heare such mournefull tine,
Me seemd I sawe the lordly *Neptune* by,
Who as a Sea-man which observes the tine,
With Reasons helme gan stire the Brigandine:
The ship by favour of the Sea-gods hand,
With safety harbor'd nigh vnto the land.

tanies ar-
ll in Eng-
d.

That land which fortaine men admire to see,
That land, as doth the antient story say,
Where liv'd the sonnes of grave Antiquitie,
That land for which my very soule doth pray,
Triumphant glory and eternall day:
England that land, that Hand of renowne,
Arch-piller of the late vnited Crowne.

No sooner did the aged Queene, yet faire,
Arrive vpon this mighty continent,
But Englands king to *Seonne* did repaire,
And dainde her welcome with the full consent
Of countries twaine heroicke Parliament:
Elected Statists, Peeres of noted fame,
Gracde Ilands Queene with this illustrous name.

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of his roi-
l title, con-
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ambers of
ngland and
otland.

And *Iames* high *Steward* to the silver sphere,
Which doth this lower kingdome canopise,
Servant to him who in his hand doth beare
The thunder stone, vouchaft with gratious eies,
To entertaine this Queenes calamities,
And her proclainde through all his empeire,
Cleaping himselfe, Monarch of *Britayne*.

Oh

Oh glorious name, and farre more glorious king,
Me seemes I ioy, vpon these ioyes to doate:
Oh that I *Homer* were, thy praise to sing,
Or some more royall Bard, for well I wote,
Such dignitie doth crave a heavenly note.
Pardon (dread Lord) though I deserve the rod,
Kings should in mercy be most like to God.

Pardon (dread Soveraigne) my vndazled rime,
Which dares behold *Augustus* maiestie,
Thy happy greatnes, and this gorgeous time,
Whose radiant sparkes, and lustre darken nie,
The glosse of *Platoes* rare felicitie:
Heavens best Angell ever waite on thee,
Thou best of men, Phœnix of maiestie.

Now drowned honour breathes againe, and grace,
Grace waites on merit, and the noble line
Beginne heroicke vertue to embrace,
Embrace it Lordes, that honor is divine
Which thou doost get, and was not gainde by thine:
How much this age and elder times do iarre,
As Princes be, so subiects ever are.

When the first happy *Cæsar* swayd the Mace
Of lower world, this base elementt;
Mecænas, although poore, was held in grace,
Because his actes with iustice did consent,
Which best beseemde the Roman governement:
Chaste vertue he did on his breast enthrone,
Which was his Soveraignes sacred paragon.

Monſter of men, a Monarch made of mire,
He lifted to the worlds imperiall ſeate
Rulde all by rage, made law the ſlave of ire,
Sabinus and licentious *Anicete*,
For that they were ſo bad, were made ſo great:
A King ſhould be moſt like a Ioyners ſquare,
Making all even, and himſelfe moſt rare.

As yeares foure ſonnes like vntun'd muſicke iarre,
So doe the natures of ſucceeding Kings
Maintaine a ſtrife and everlaſting warre;
Aurelius to licentious pallace brings
Philoſophy, the faireſt thing of things:
Plato hath now his Prince, except I erre,
A wiſe man King, a King Philoſopher.

Roger Mortimer Earle of March a falſe leader.

Ne're ſhall a martiall troupe at *Stanehope* more,
Vnworthy leaders treachery complaine,
Ne ever ſhall a mournfull Queene deplore
Her noble Knight on Engliſh border ſlaine;

Iames the 4. ſlaine at Floden.

Floden henceforth ſhall be renownde in vaine:
T'is nought ſave envy, pride, diſdaine and ſpite,
Can ſever them whom Nature did vnite.

Now may wee ſafely neighbour *France* invade,
If ſhe dare tempt our titles preiudice,
Now let me with a mooving tongue perſwade
Thoſe people which both valiant be and wiſe,
Each to defend the others dignities:
Heavens infuſe ſome motion to my pen,
Be as it was at firſt one nature, one men.

Got

Go hand in hand as Peace and Iuſtice goe,
Heere glorious peace ydwell, and Iuſtice there,
There Peace, heere Iuſtice ſhall her vigor ſhoe,
Obedience there, and heere a loving feare,
Both bodies ſhall be one, and both ſhall beare
One equall name, that *Brittaine* hight, and ſhee
Shall cleaped be the land of equitie.

Or Sion mount where *David* rules as King,
Image of God, oh pardon me the while
(Much feared Soveraigne,) I thy glory ſing,
Though I bin baſe, and in reſpect too vile,
Yet daine me leave to ſound thy kingdomes ſtile:
Lord of the greateſt Iland, whoſe defence
Is ſeated in a ſeas circumference.

Oh who will grace my irrenowned reede,
And in my breaſt heroicke thought infuſe?
That I may ſing the praiſe of noble deede,
Hight worthy deedes whenas the great men vſe
Mars campe with *Pallas* College to pervſe:
Men of great worth, and worthy to be great,
Who can as well of Artes as Armes treate.

So the brave Courtier whoſe illuſtrous minde
Doth all converſe with kingdomes grave affaire
Should be moſt wiſe, and being wiſe, moſt kinde,
In courteous ſpeach, and ſemblance debonaire
To every gentle ſquire and damſell faire:
His forehead ſhould be braine, his breaſt ſincere,
His minde vnſtaind, his heart devoyd of feare.

The qualitie of a good Courtier.

But

Castilio lib. 1. But above all, he armes muſt profeſſe,
And like ſome brave Italian knight ryde
In gazed liſt, and with his ſpeare expreſſe
A French reſolve, or a Biſcaine tride
Shew hardiment and more than manly pride:
He ſhould exceed in each and all of theſe,
No Courtier vnto *Alcibiades.*

And as the ſilver Swanne on river ſaile,
With eaſe from ground to barbed ſteede ariſe,
He ſhould with knightly valure learne to traile
A ſouldiers pike, he ought with carefull eyes,
To heede thoſe men, who are both grave and wiſe:
To ſtart the Hare, and rowze embraked deere,
Beſeemes the man of court and royall peere.

He muſt with modeſt parlee entertaine
(And not with ſtrange vnuſuall metaphor)
Chaſte Ladies eares, nor muſt he bravely ſtraine
His owne deſert, though he deſerve much more,
Selfe praiſe is moſt diſpraiſe, if praiſde before.
Do thou high deede, let others thee applauſe,
No lawe allowes a Iudge in his owne cauſe.

The end of a Courtier. Caſtilio lib. 4. He ought perſwade his Soveraigne to all good,
To manage worthy Act and kingly deede,
He muſt reſpect his honor more than blood,
Ne muſt he baſely fawne, though flattry ſpeede,
Yet is it baſe and ſpurnd by royall feed:
That page of rule which doth on greatnes tend
He muſt not ſerve, the beſt the beſt commend.

Who

Who cannot ſmoothe if he can aught at all,
And lowly bend to each ſubmiſſive knee,
Vnworthy to high deede, whoſe fiery gall
Burnes bright in flame, that man is praiſde by me,
Who tames burnt rage, hee's wiſe and none but hee:
Ah well befall that man, who wiſely can
Subdue the froward appetite of man.

Pardon (great Lords) my raſh, but ardent zeale,
Whoſe fortunes baſe and vnadvanced ſtate,
To your ſincere demeanour muſt appeale,
And as for you, you much belov'd of fate,
Returne from bad, 'tis good, though ne're ſo late:
I can but wiſh, it reſts in you to doe,
Your duety ought performe, tis mine to wooe.

Bright ſhades and images of antique ſyres,
Whoſe glories are in primer age repleate,
Planted amidſt a world of heavenly ſpires,
Grac'd with all eyes, this onely I intreate,
As yee be ever good, be ever great:
Oh emulate your anceſtors of old,
Be modeſt, prudent, iuſt, and wiſely bold.

Shall I ſpeake more? or have I ſpoken more
Then well beſeemes ſo meane a man as I,
What have I done? miſdone? I you implore
That to redeeme, and looke with heedefull eye,
Vpon my loves ill framde infirmitie:
Ile ope my breaſt, if you will daine to view,
That all I doe, is but to honour you.

Phil: Sidney an excellent Courtier.

Oh be like him, who whilome midst our Peeres,
As *Cynosure* or fairer starre did shine;
Sidney, whose worths were more then were his yeeres,
Heere brave *Castilio* see the praise of time,
A perfect Courtier rightly cleaped thine:
Most bold in Armes, and excellently wise,
Himselfe in all, and gratious in all eyes.

A generous and noble man indeede,
To tilt and turney with a comely grace,
To mannage vntam'd mouth of mighty steede,
Of blood all worthy, worthy all his race,
What e're a Knight should have, in him there was:
Hee scorn'd bought honour, sdainde the servile fee,
For what he was, he well deserv'd to bee.

For what he had, he well deserv'd to have,
And more, if more might given be to men,
What man may give, that many to thee gave,
Living, due praise, all praise, and dead, (oh then)
They reckon thee with Saintes, and not with men:
Court, Cittie wept, so did the *Academe*,
For thou didst live and wert belov'd in them.

Court thy brave carriage, Citty thy best love,
Athens thy wisedome, and the world thy name,
The world and all of them did well approve
Thy rare perfection, yea and well-nie blame
Death that did end thy life, but not thy fame:
The world, yea *Athens*, Cittie, Court maintaine
Thy carriage, courage, love and learned vaine.

Court

Court many had, not many like to thee,
Impartiall, modeſt, learned without feare,
Magnificence and liberalitie,
Did in thy breaſt their greater Kingdome beare,
Still did they live with thee, and died there:
Whenas they ſaw thy aſhes in their vrne,
They fled to heaven, and never did returne.

So did the Muſe, the Muſes wept thee dead,
For well they knew, and they were taught by care,
Thou wert the ſtarre, oh never ſuch was bred
By humane breaſt? whoſe influences rare
Gave ever ſhine, ne thy hand did never ſpare,
Spare they that liſt for me, I ſeeke not I,
To elevate my ſtarres by Poeſie.

Thou wert a man yborne to governe men,
And hadſt thou liv'd, thou mightſt have bin a King,
When honour even choſe thee, even then
Thou leftſt the world, and with thy vertuous wing
Didſt go to dwell with God, and there dooſt ſing
His praiſe, who's beſt above, whilſt heere below,
The beſt of men bewailes thy overthrow.

Some ſay he ſhould have bin elected King of Poland: it is my certaine hee was well eſteemed of all the Vayvodes, at his being in this Kingdome.

Who would not glory that ſo great a Muſe,
A Princes pen, and ſuch a Prince as hee,
Whom all admire, ſhould for his ſubiect chuſe,
Who, had he liv'd this latter day to ſee,
Had bin his ſubiect worthy ſo to bee:
Oh worthy ſubiect, and farre worthier King,
Who choſe ſo brave a ſubiect for to ſing!

Sir Phillip Sidney praiſed by his Maieſtie.

Who would not die, yea many deaths ſuſtaine,
And all adventure deepe of miſery,
So by his fall ſuch glory he may gaine,
Such glory as I weene, maieſtique cie
Did ne're behold of ſoveraigne royaltie:
What was *Achilles* grace by *Homers* rime?
And ſhalt not thou outlive the date of time?

Yes noble *Sidney*, noblemen ſhall praiſe
And welnigh waile thy peereleſſe worthineſſe,
For they bin baſe, nor doe they dare the wayes
Attempt, which thou with more than hardineſſe
Didſt knightly leade, knights courage is farre leſſe,
Their wiſdome leſſe, (though many be) thine more,
Thoſe many yeeld to few, that were before.

But thou art dead, I would it were not ſinne,
And I would wiſh thou wert but wearily home,
Thou wert, as if indeede thou hadſt not bin,
Too ſoone we ſawe the night of ſuche a morne,
Oh hadſt thou never dide, or ne're bin borne!
But being dead faire heavens graces I ſee
One to excell, who now is like to thee.

The worthineſſe of Will: Earle of Pembroke.

Whoſe name and vertue like his grandſire may
Be ever great, his name ſhall never die,
So did he live, but never liv'd a day
Without brave deede, ſo bin his vertues hie,
That they ſtill live, but never liv'd to die:
Live as beloved of all, and live you long,
His ſonnes brave fortune to grace my humble ſong.

Live

Live thou for ever that didst never ill,
Oh why should honour die, and vertue bee
Entoomb'd: what spire or Alablaster hill,
Albee it heaven scare, as ofe I see,
Dare but obscure thy worth and worthy thee:
Worthy ninth heaven, live there in spite of grave,
Whilst thy brave Nephewes heere all honour have.

Honour the base which did thy greatnesse stay,
Thy greatnesse stood on honourable base,
Thou wert all honour, honour every way,
No way to honour is, nor ever was
Enstrang'd to thee, thou wert the glorious glasse:
Where me it may her noble shade behold,
Base the advancement which is bought or sold.

Oh couth I praise, (though I affect no praise)
Thy rare atchievements I ord, oh then would I
(Vnworthy such rare worke) were all my daies
To give thy glory life, then ev'ry eye
Might wish that such renowne should never die:
And when I die (all die) as die I must,
Live thou on high, though low I lie in dust.

Live in great glory, whose great courage made
Kents kingdome threatning rebell to dispaire,
Dispaire inforc'd him yeelde, when thy true blade
Fled rusty prison, whose feare breathing ayre,
Check'd the amazed fone, and did impaire
Resolved wrath, good cause doth glory gaine,
The bad may thrive, but often strive in vaine.

12. Sir Thomas Wiat overthrowne by his wisedome.

Thy cauſe was good, and all their anger vaine,
Vaine was their wrath, thy anger worthy zeale,
Worthy thy ſelfe; oh could I bravely ſtraine
That mornings glee, when *Wiat* did appeale
To warre, and thou by armes didſt interdeale
Thy Princeſſe cauſe, whoſe courage had no meare,
Ne did ſhe flie. A Prince ſhould never feare.

13. Queene Mary of a noble courage.

Oh for a Phœnix quill to make a pen!
Then would I ſing, and ſweetely then vnfolde
Thy fortunate ſucceſſe, thou beſt of men,
Oh thou as wiſe as thou wert bravely bolde!
What man like thee doth live, or did of olde?
Two prudent Queenes mongſt all did thee elect,
To guarde the girlond, and their lives protect.

Hee was ordaind Generall againſt Wiat by Qu. Mary, and againſt the northerne rebells in the dayes of her ſiſter.

Oh, was there ever any like to thee?
Thou wert thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe without compare,
Patterne of puiſſance, praiſe and pietie,
What ever Lord ſave thee did ever dare
Vnrippe his breaſt to kings, and ſhew it bare?
That ſeldome; Prince who would in ſafety live,
Should flattry ſhunne, and noble truth believe.

What ever grace did on thy worth attend,
Cauſde there magnifique bounty much to be
Admirde of Kings which did thee more commend?
Twice did her gratious eies with glory ſee
Her champion crownde with wreathes of victorie.
Sage her adviſe, and happy was her choiſe,
Which ſent thee for to warre in *Vermandoiſe*.

He was ſent Generall to S. Quintin in the aide of K. Philip.

There

There did the lordly *Sauoy* much thee grace,
So did thy maister mighty king of *Spaine*,
Vertue doth vertue, vice doth vice embrace,
Like doth his like with favour entertaine,
Desert where ere it goes doth glory gaine:
And so didst thou, All men did wish to bee
Vnlike themselves, for to be like to thee.

There *Worster*, *Rutland*, *Shandoys*, *Clynton*, *Gray*, 14.15.16.17.
With all the chosen youth of England there, Accompanied with these nobles.
Waited thy banner in warres prouide array;
And then, oh then, thy valure then did beare
The price of praise and girlond every where:
Vertue had then, and had she how her meede,
Many would doe (which dare not do) brave deede.

Brave were thy deedes, t'was vertue did perswade
Thy ready hand to tempt hard enterprise,
A native courage did thy breast invade,
Which as a glasse layde open to thine eies
The secret path where sacred honor lies:
Mirror of worthies, and true glories glasse,
Such as thou wert I weene there never was.

Maiestique maners, *Manners* did admire, 15.
Thy care and carriage *Clynton* did embrace, 16.
But *Grey* was with thy glory set on fire, 17.
Thy force did *Ferrers*, saith thy foes amaze,
Worster thy worth, and all the world thy grace, 14.
These were by thee to fields of honour led,
And thou by these in field wert honored.

When

When the bold *Rus* and *Swiser* borne to warre,
Before S. *Quintine* march'd in battell ray,
Which as a chaine of yron did abarre
The house of *Spaine*, then thou in royall fray,
Didst thy best giftes and bravest blood bewray:
Mongst many Leaders which besieg'd that Towne,
Thou wert the best, and held in most renowne.

What bin thy bolde atchievements all to die?
Or doe they dwell with thee where Angells dwell?
Oh no, they live in thy posteritie,
Live thou in heaven, which didst on earth excell,
And ioy to see thy Nephewes doe so well:
Faire fall thy soule, mens ioy in heaven remaine,
Midst troupes of starres with the Angelique traine.

But noble Lord, if ghost hath powre to heare
The voyce of living man, then pardon mee,
And if not thou, then thou heroicke Peere
His glories heire, which doost my error see,
Pardon the man who lives to honour thee:
Vnknowne, but this know what e're I write
Proceedes from zeale, I am no Parasite.

And if great Earle, my vnadorned Muse,
(The humble hand maid of heroicke seede)
May dare such noble worthinesse peruse,
Then will she sing, and my aspiring reede
Shall blaze thy merit and eternall deede:
Eternall be thy deedes, that when I sing,
My words may wonder to the wide world bring.

And

And thou (brave Lord) whome whilome I did dare,
In my beſt manner humbly to ſalute,
Forgive me if I erre, theſe errors are
Signes of my duety, and the ſame impute
Moſt conſtant, as they ſeeme moſt reſolute.
Not hope of praiſe invites my ruder phraſe,
Thy antique fathers merit to emblaſe.

Moſt honor'd Earle, the rev'rence which I beare
Vnto your houſe and peereleſſe Anceſter
Hath drown'd all dread in me, ne can I feare
Though much me gaſtes, vnfained zeale may erre
In praiſing of your famous grandfather:
Image of him, ne're lin vntill we ſee
Your ſelfe as great, more great, if it may be.

No more yee lofty numbers, ceaſe awhile,
Seclude your ſelves from world and worldly men,
And live in wooddes, where whilome liv'd this Ile,
There meditate in ſome vnhaunted den
The vertue of ſome brave and Noblemen.
Goe live mongſt ſhades, ſo did the Sages olde,
" Contentment is a crowne more good than gold.

Hie yee to quiet reſt, and ſing no more,
Reſt quiet in ſome melancholy cave,
Rend thy harpe ſtrings, which make thine owne heart ſore,
For I well know, my rime and I ſhall have
A life envide, and at our death a grave.
Thogh Kings have golden Tombs, & ours be ſtone,
Yet is the earth in which we lie, but one.

Forgive me envy now I shew me base,
Degenerate and of ignoble minde,
To beg for mercie where was never grace:
Envy disgrace me not, doe gainst thy kinde,
When thou seest most, then seeme to be most blinde:
I am all error, so are all my layes,
I wish men glory, but my selfe no praise.

All praise I wish to them, and ever will,
Who daine me grace their glories trumpe to be,
If such there be, then shall my cimball shrill
Sound lowd, and my rent harpe and hart now free
Servile it selfe, and once againe shall see
This loathed light: but if none grace my pen,
As erst I saide, I will not live with men.
Thus end I as I never would begin,
And pardon crave, repentance is no sinne.

If I have err'd, and will no more, forgive,
As proper tis to man to erre, as live.

FINIS.

The Concluſion.

THus have I ſung (albee with lowely ſtraine)
In noble language well nigh ſtrange to me:
Thus have I ſearcht that eviternall vaine
Where treaſure lives and mines of glory be,
Enwombing pearles of peereleſſe amitie:
Thus have I ſung (although in baſer ſtile)
The glorious Vnion of the greateſt Ile.

Where many brave and memorable men
Have bin by me (vnworthy ſuch great deede)
Dig'd out their graves, and my not-graced pen
Admits them live; live ever whoſe great deede
Craves royall trumpe or everlaſting reede.
Live ever, whilſt I live you may not die
Succeſſefull ſonnes of immortalitie.

No, no, you cannot die, and whilſt I live
My greater care ſhall be to eternize
Your antique trophees; mighty ones forgive
Theſe bolder Eſſayes, you who midſt the skies
As glorious ſtarres gaze our infirmities.
Though I on earth for you receive diſgrace,
Live you in heaven, ſee Ieſus face to face.

A Defence againſt Envy.

WHat bin they all who do the Muſe admire,
And rev'rence Art, what, al eſteemed baſe?
No Envy, no, thy wrath and impious ire
Cannot the leaſt, the leaſt of thee diſgrace,
Whoſe zeale doth Science ſacred ſelfe embrace.
What dreads me then? not thou, this mind I beare,
He who doth no man wrong, ſhuld no wrong feare.

Were not the Sages wont in elder dayes
To blaze the worth of honourable men,
In lofty numbers and heroicke layes?
And did not antique Bard at banquet then
Inſpirde with rage, mans braver action pen?
They did; we will (but not in banquet I)
Vertues admired glory dignifie.

Now Envy, do thy worſt, I patience have,
To guarde my innocence from prowd diſdaine,
Revile my labours, and my lines deprave,
Yet I will be my ſelfe, and will remaine
Conſtant vnmoov'd, who ſtrive againſt the maine
Danger attempts: I will not: world forgive
Me who doth erre, becauſe in thee I live.

What

What neede I thus ſo baſely me excuſe,
Sith the wide world each day doth error view?
Yet doe not let theſe motives thee ſeduce;
My vnſtain'd pen be chaſte, be ever true,
Full of Invention and of matter new;
Submit thee to the wiſe, tis wiſedomes end,
Happy thoſe houres which we in ſtudy ſpend.

FINIS.

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